

SHOWING TONIGHT

INVASION OF THE SAD MAN EATING MUSHROOMS

EXIT

ISSUE #1
AUTUMN/WINTER
EDITION



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POYED!

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Six of the Best
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EDITORIAL



LET THE INVASION COMMENCE.

Ohhhh...the moment of truth. You've bought the damn thing and now you're stuck with it. Do you read it, bin it or excrete on it? Whatever the case it seems you have purchased what we in the fandom world call "a great steaming monster of a turd". You should've bought that other 'zine when you had the chance. Never mind, just consider the blood, sweat and tears we and oh so many contributors have put into this venture. Now is not the time for regrets. Take your slippers and your pipe, pull up your comfy chair and your favourite fluffy cushion. Sit back, relax and enter the colourful fungi infested world of The Sad Man-Eating Mushrooms.

Fancy a fun day out? Well, there's a great little jaunt you might want to mark on your calendar if you're a bit of a festival freak. If you can get to our glorious capital on October 26th then there's little excuse for you to avoid the U.K. premiere of Jörg Buttgerreit's Nekromantik II. The man himself will be live (probably) on stage so don't miss it. Also, if you're into Japanese movies then you'll be pleased to hear that A Better Tomorrow III and Nocturnal Demons (which now replaces Troma's Class Of Nuke 'Em High II: Subhumanoid Meltdown) are also playing. Get your butts down to The Scala cinema, two minutes from King's Cross tube, in time for a 1pm kick-off. Don't forget to buy your tickets though, only £7 a piece and available from: Imaginator, Unit 1, Hawk House, Peregrine Park, Gomm Road, Bucks, HP13 - 70L. We'll be there, trying to stay out of the limelight, clad in trench coats and fake beards but you'll spot us. We'll be wearing the ultimate fashion accessory (probably) - the official Invasion T-shirt. Yes, for a paltry £15 you too can look like an utter cretin. Just let us know if you're interested and we'll make enquiries about mass production.

Do you run your own fanzine? Would you be interested in trading issues? Advertisements too? Then what are you waiting for, get in touch ASAP and we'll thrash something out. Want to place a classified ad? Then write one out (50 words max) and send it in. Serious advertisers who require flyer distribution, don't delay get

Editors: Darren Jones
John Overall

Artwork: Adam 'Adjy' Proctor
Layout: Darren Jones

in touch today. Perhaps you're someone who runs a specialist comic or book shop and would see this as a lively addition to your fanzine section (Forbidden Planet / The Book Inn take note). Or maybe you're just someone with considerable taste and would like to know when the next issue becomes available. Unfortunately, at this time, we're unable to provide subscriptions. Fear not! If you send us a SAE marked "Issue #2" we'll send you a flyer when it rears its ugly head.

Well, once you've read this you'll probably think you can come up with something more inventive and entertaining. Why not prove it by sending your comments, ideas and suggestions to our forthcoming letters page? You could end up with your name in the credits if you pull a smart article out of your hat (or a string of flags from your rectum).

Finally, an apology. Sadly, this time around we're unable to dish out free issues to our major contributors. We hope to rectify this problem in the near future.

I think it's time you moved on. What are you waiting for - get reading. We'll be back in time for the festive season (probably). Until next time then, all the best...

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CONSIDER
US BEING
"LIFE" WHEN THOSE
GROSS THE QUALITY OF
YOUR FUTURE BEANS, YEAH



wild". "Yeah," replies a contemplative Hopper, "one of 'em was so wild, he saved his own head off going ninety miles an hour". Well Hopper and the lady DJ (Caroline Williams) to whom the unfortunate yuppies call was so rudely interrupted join forces and in doing so incur the wrath of the cannibalistic Sawyer clan. This is not good and one night just after closdown two clan members, the chainsaw wielding Leatherface, clad in a mask of human skin accompanied by his Viet vet brother Chop Top (complete with metal plate in his head and Sonny Bono fright wig) pay a visit to Miss Williams radio station. Downstairs the unfortunate station assistant is waylaid by Chop Top and repeatedly struck with a hammer. Much as with the uncut ED209 boardroom murder scene in Robocop and the silver sphere in Don Coscarelli's sublime Phantasm, the secret of black comedy is, in excess and the poor guy is still twitching as the strikes go into double figures with Chop Top continually screaming "Incoming mail, Bo Chi Minh". Hopper constantly cuts between this scene and events upstairs where Leatherface having cornered Miss Williams finds his chainsaw cuts out on him (isn't it always the way?). He then takes running the business end of the saw across her tightly clad crotch whilst



playing with his chainsaw at the other end, when she takes to repeating the question "How good are you?" he's not only playing with his chainsaw. It's at this stage that the audience is either totally offended or howling with laughter at the sheer outrageousness of it all and Hopper

doesn't give a damn, he goes over the trenches in a hell for leather mood and plays the scene for its full shock value. Finally and with a heavy heart he has to end it and the Sawyers retreat, taking with them the still twitching assistant. Miss Williams follows them to their lair, a subterranean hideout situated under a theme park entitled Texas Battleland.



Hopper it seems hasn't finished with the twitching assistant yet, he is skinned and his face placed upon the captured Miss Williams leading to an astonishing scene in which the assistant struggles to his feet, gazes into his own features and promptly expires.

From here on it's downhill as Hopper rolls up, dons twin chainsaws and begins playing cat and mouse with the confused cannibals, even singing to them at one point. A climactic fight ensues with Hopper the victor, but the DJ has paid the price and the final shot leaves no doubt that she is now quite mad.

The Texas Chainsaw Massacre Part 2 is hardly a film for gentle sensibilities, it's a piece of coolly calculated outrage, weirder, wilder and way funnier than the portentous original. It is also a genuinely disturbing slice of American gothic as seen through puke coloured lenses. In American society nothing is sacrosanct, the constant striving to be the best at any cost and Hoopers film says far better than Hellraiser that there are no limits and you'd better watch your ass. To be Hoopers fragmented, demented style of direction perfectly suits the outrageous script and underlying theme of an out of control society whilst the violence is episodic but

graphic (the BBFC threw it out demanding 22 minutes of cuts) the two major flaws are the last third which degenerates into a boring series of wanderings about miles of underground tunnels and the fact that only three members of the cast make any impact. Bill Mosely as the especially crazed Chop Top is amusing if a shade tiresome, Caroline Williams, she of the husky voice screams a lot, acts a bit and screams some more (she definitely has the edge on Fay Wray and Marilyn Burns) but there are flashes of genuine ability, however the main surprise is Dennis Hopper, usually so over the top dreadful in films such as *The River's Edge*, *Easy Rider* and *Out Of The Blue*. Here, Hopper coaxes a restrained, for the most part low key performance as Lefty Enright, relative to the wheelchair victim in the original and now on the vengeance trail.

Lucio Fulci, the veteran Italian director is a name to conjure with and amongst genre fans the mention of Fulci brings forth a medley of responses all across the range. Interestingly enough, Fulci has made relatively few horror films during a career mostly spent churning out the usual inapt rip off and historical dramas that permeate Italian movie-making. The horror films of Lucio Fulci are wildly varied in quality from the sublime *La Paura Nelle Grotte Dell'Inferno* (known in the UK as *City Of The Living Dead* and in the US as *Gate Of Hell*) and *E Tu Vivrai Nel Terrore* (L'Aldilà [UK title: *And You'll Live In Terror*; The Second US title: *Seven Doors Of Death*) through the serviceable

Quella Villa Accanto Al Cimitero (aka: *The House By The Cemetery*) to the bottom of the barrel and such unadulterated garbage as *Conquest*, *Aenigma*, *Un Gatto Nel Cervello*; *I Volte Nel Terrore*/Nightmare Concert and *Murderrock*. The best of Fulci's catalogue though is the unremittingly vicious *Lo Squartatore Di New York* (*The New York Ripper*). Largely unseen outside Europe, *The New York Ripper* is the director's strongest and most powerful film, a stab at the giallo thriller, the almost exclusive field pre-credit discovery of a severed hand in bushes by the Hudson River opens this story of a psychotic on the loose in the metropolis prying upon promiscuous women. The rest of the story has harassed detective Jack Medley chasing the lunatic to little avail amidst a walter of red herrings that litter the script. *The New York Ripper* is an unashamedly exploitative sex 'n' violence thriller. It knows exactly what it is and has no pretensions otherwise. Whilst there's nothing new in the film, it is Fulci's obsessive eye for the mechanics of death that makes it a genuinely relentless picture. A dream sequence midway through the film demonstrates Fulci's unusual style, in the blink of an eye the viewer becomes victim as the maniac switchblade lunges toward the camera lens, the screen goes black and then a split appears dripping blood. We gaze out from inside a severed throat. Fulci's most strikingly lit set piece, all mean hues with pitch black shadows has a girl from a live sex show being violated with a broken bottle. Not that Fulci's finished yet, the most sadistic set piece involves a naked woman tied and tortured while her screams are relayed to the helpless police by walkie talkie. Scenes involving a nipple razored in half and a moving eyeball split open are lingered upon in close detail. *The New York Ripper* must seem like a classic advert for the moralists' 'violence against women' lobby, but the truth is that women in peril is one of the mainstays of popular storytelling and will remain so, thus whilst it's misogyny is indefensible on a moralistic level it remains purely an extension of that theme. Remarkably enough, the BBFC don't quite see it this way. It is known that Fulci's



Lucio Fulci, Veteran Director

name on a print causes them immediate anxiety and this is no different. Indeed, The New York Ripper is something of a cause celebre on this front. Some years ago, independent UK distributor Eagle Films picked this up and submitted it to the BBFC for what they considered to be the inevitable cuts. The BBFC refused to make any cuts and instead took the almost unprecedented step of refusing to return the print to the distributors and had it sent out of the country under customs escort. More recently Channel Four's showing of clips in it's 'Examined' season caused widespread apoplexy amongst the moralists. Pretty remarkable indeed, less so is the acting in the picture which is pretty unremarkable but Fulci's direction is almost documentary like in its unblinking recorder of violent death.

If Lucio Fulci is among the better Italian directors, there is no doubt of the king, Dario Argento is that man. The master of the giallo, a subgenre containing fluid psychological thriller mysteries alternating a fluid style with graphic violence that punctuates the plot at regular intervals, a superior relative to the stalk 's' slash 'n' dash film. Argento's most recent work within the giallo is Opera, a baroque fantasy, shamefully largely ignored outside Italy, appallingly non distributed by Orion in the States. The film opens on the eve of a Parma opera companies controversial production of Verdi's 'Macbeth' when the lead diva suffers a broken leg, this lets in her understudy, Betty (Cristine Mersillach) for the chance of a lifetime and when during her main aria some lights crash down upon the audience, it is attributed to the supposed back luck syndrome attached to the performing of Macbeth. During the opening performance, Argento's penchant for sweeping camera work surfaces to impressive effect. The first sign of anything really untoward comes with the first murder, an usher who, interrupting the killer in a box set has his head repeatedly impaled against the metal part of a cloak rack with a fervour that recalls the heart stabbing in Suspiria and the scene in Deep Red in which a victims face is repeatedly slammed against a brick fireplace. Other graphic mutilations follow all

shot in typical Argento style comprising flourishing, camerawork, brutal violence and sumptuous colour all to the accompaniment of thundering music. Comfortably the most impressive of these is the murder of the dives boyfriend, Stefan, who is stabbed upwards through the neck in close-up, Argentos camera zooming into his screaming mouth to witness the tongue being pierced by the blade as it emerges through the throat in a fountain of blood. The hapless Stefan falls backwards thrusting his hands forward in a pitiful gesture of self defence and the killer stabs him repeatedly through the palms of his hands. This takes piece to the accompaniment of an overwhelming heavy metal soundtrack and under helpless gaze of the bound and gagged Betty.

Therein lies the key to Opera, which unlike the supernatural theme dominating the majority of Argento's previous work, underpinning the narrative with a dream like quality. Opera, like Maniac, takes its inspiration from the horrifying reality of the fixated psychotic and wans inhumanity to man. More than that, Opera is Argento's Peeping Tom. Before he murders, the killer kidnaps Betty and once bound and gagged he tapes a series of needles below each eye, "If you try to close your eyes," he purrs "you'll tear them apart!". Thus she is forced to watch helplessly as those close to her are butchered. The sadistic theme inherent to Opera has surfaced before, most notably in Peeping Tom but also in a slew of bondage pictures and recently in Petro Almodovars Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down, though none approach the hypnotic impact of Argento's picture. The unbalanced maniac forces the focus of his obsession to witness the torture and murder of those near and dear - to her as a spectacle of absolute devotion, for in his schizophrenic mind she will then fall in love with the dominator. The only real problem with Opera is the crass coda that closes the film. Closing with images of Mersillach at piece in a field picking flowers, Argento adds a self spoken voice over in affect saying that we should all love one another. "Open your eyes to the beauty surrounding you and the world

will be a better place" he says. Italian audiences rioted at this, reacting with derision and it is superfluous to say the least. Prior to that though, Opera teaks with Argento's beet, a hard edged film rooted in reality, lacking the gothic ambience of *Suspiria* and *Inferno* perhaps, but terrifying nonetheless in its insightful study of the excesses of psychosis. Opera has eventually surfaced in the UK, no thanks to Orion, but as mentioned previously, it is the inferior shortened English version entitled *Terror At The Opera* and the censor cuts dilute Argento's vision even further. Even with the graphic violence intact, this version, shorn of around fifteen minutes of story development, hacked out at will (including Argento's intended ending) is not a patch on the directors' cut.

Joel M Reed's *Bloodsucking Freaks* (Reviewed elsewhere in this very edition - Ed) cannot remotely claim a fraction of Opera's artistic merit and it probably couldn't give a damn either. Hawked by the folks at Troma as a new film, *Bloodsucking Freaks* is in actuality a notorious 1976 made picture entitled *The Incredible Torture Show*. Essentially a rip off of the 1970 Herschell Gordon Lewis balmey, *The Wizard Of Gore*, with added nudity, *Bloodsucking Freaks* is one sick puppy but so ineptly done that much of the power to really shock is lost. Even so, *Freaks* is tough going. A seriously sleazy sadomasochistic gore flick the film concerns itself with Serdu (played especially ineptly by Seamus O'Brien), a deranged back street theatre owner who kidnaps women and uses them to stage his own Grand-Guignol style torture, mutilation and murder shows for real. There's also his own private entertainment, white slavery, caged cannibal women and a demented dwarf (hilariously played by the wonderfully named Louis de Jesus). Certainly this has all the possibilities to be THE sicko classic, eyeballs plucked out and eaten, amateur dental surgery, blow jobs with a severed head, a woman's head drilled open and her brains sucked out with a straw, another's backside used as a dartboard; the obvious being the bulleeye and a lateral pecker in eye sandwich, but

it's so very mundane that despite being the blackest of comedies and containing rampant full nudity and litres of blood-letting the whole thing is actually pretty boring. The film is nauseatingly tasteless, fairly repellent and has an effect akin to that of genuine Nazi death camp films and outside the sickiest of deviant pornography, its excesses are squalled only by some scenes in the first *Faces Of Death*, the main scene from the Belgian necrophile pic *Lucker* and surpassed only by the vile T.F. Mous directed Japanese death camp picture *Men Behind The Sun* in the last fifteen years. Not surprisingly, *Bloodsucking Freaks*



will never be shown in Britain in any form, to the best of my knowledge no distributor has even tried. Even in the USA, midnight showings have prompted outrage and the Women Against Pornography caused enough of a stir when it surfaced recently through Troma to have it withdrawn from distribution. Much as I hate this form of pressure group, as typified by the whitehouse mentality, *Bloodsucking Freaks* is pretty much indefensible in itself but, in a civilized society freedom of choice must prevail or the whole world could end up as repressed as Britain under the Conservatives.

Reed's film then, tries and fails to be the sicko classic of its generation, ending up as cliche at best. Was Crevens's *The Last House On The Left* is indeed the sicko classic of its and any other generation, succeeding on a gut reaction visceral level rarely hinted at and never equaled.

A remake of Ingmar Bergmans *The Virgin Spring*, illustrating the underbelly of sickness inherent within American society, *The Last*

House On The Left opens with two country girls heading off into the city in order to attend a rock concert. On the way the girls stop off at a house to score some dope. Immediately this plot development puts the film into it's Catholic moralistic underpinning them of 'misbehave' and die', a puritan motif that surfaces repeatedly throughout the stalk 'n' slash 'n' dash genre, usually simplified thematically to 'have sex and die'. Fulci's The New York Ripper (Lo Squartatore Di New York) examined earlier carries this general theme. They are abducted by a quartet of ascapad sex murderers led by Krug (powerfully played by David A. Hess), a really vile individual first seen bursting a little kids balloon and later revealed to have hooked his son on heroin to ensure control over Junior's actions. Unable to escape the girls are taken to a secluded area of woodland, ironically near the home of one of them. The grueling mid-section of the film deals with their last hours of life. There is a rape, humiliation, torture by humiliation involving urination before one of the girls makes a desperate bid for freedom. This fails and she is disembowelled at length, whilst Krug repeatedly rapes the other. Cerves his name into her neck at leisure and finally, offhandedly shoots her. It is this squirm inducing mid-section that is responsible for the films worldwide notoriety, the major reason being that the film is so convincingly made, the sadists and their victims so authentic that the torture scenes appear to be for real. Craven's often stated rationale for such unpleasant and extended viciousness when forced to defend his film against the inevitable attacks by censors and moralists has been to explain thus. When in Vietnam, the American got a close-up view of death, just how messy and nasty it can be. He wanted his audience to understand the real nature of violent death, that it really hurts and as such provides a counterpoint to the endless television shows and films that portray death as clean, bloodless and simple. Put simply, it works - and how! The Last House On The Left is a relentless downer! You hope the girls will escape and when they don't you feel devastated. Even the scenes of

revenge that close the film are no respite, the satisfaction bred by dross like Bambo and Revenge is notably absent, all that remains is the disturbing realisation that violence breeds violence and it is all one vicious circle. The revenge aspect is brought about by a seemingly fortuitous revolution in the wheel of lifes fortune as the sadists find themselves stranded at the home of one of their victims. The parents go full out for payback and the psychopaths are killed in various ways, castration during fellatio being the most notable whilst Krug is killed by chainsaw after a climactic fight. There are no winners here though, the 'normal' people are now irrefutably tainted by the taint of blood and ultimately prove more vicious and resilient than the villains. It is a theme Craven was to return to with his next film The Hills Have Eyes but, this lacked the outlaw mentality and raw cutting edge of Last House. Briefly distributed on video in the UK The Last House On The Left was one of the early targets of the hysterical 'Video nasties' campaign. It had already been refused a certificate by the BBFC, even in a heavily cut version. Quite simply, it won't get a British rating ever. Recently, in a debate, James Farnham, the secretary of the BBFC said as much during an attack on the approach and content.



Well, there you go. Each of the films has its own reason and trademark, some are better than others but all are necessary viewing for the genre fan. You may not agree with my thoughts but at least it's got you thinking.

Written by Peter Lynch.

OUT WITH A BANG!

Movie characters throughout time have enthralled us with their witty lines, thrown in for good measure. A lot of these such witty, sarcastic, deliveries are often an actor's final words, before his character snuffs it on screen, so to speak. I've dug up 20 of my own favorites "just before I go can I say this line?" phrases from films. Some are downright silly, some (I think) are meant to be taken seriously (at least when they're performed on screen). However, I can guarantee that seconds after delivering these lines, the actor in question's character decided to make a permanent exit from the film. Some of the actors you've probably never heard of. Unfortunately, one useful part for the "extre" is the quickie-death scene:

1] "Hey wait, wait a minute. No, no please, don't do that!"

(Dick Boccelli, just as Robert Ginty switches on a rather large mincer, and begins to lower his body into it in *The Exterminator*)

2] "You leave me alone, and I'll leave you alone, alright?"

(David Brendon to the unstoppable murderer Irving Wallace as he approaches with a chainsaw in *Stage Fright*)

3] "Long live the new flesh"

(James Woods, whose hallucination of himself saying such a thing, and then shooting himself convinces him he should do the same in *Videodrome*)



4] "I killed him out by the pond. You should have seen him, man"

(Vincent Van Patten, convincing us all, and himself, that he has just killed the hideously deformed freak, Andrew Garth in *Bull Night*)

5] "You cannot hurt me you fool. I am not one of you!"

(Udo Kier says these final words to Joe Dellesandro, who knows exactly how to kill a vampire in *Blood For Dracula*)



6] "Fuck you pal!"

(Kurtwood Smith in answer to a curious Kris Kristofferson asking why he'd been trying to kill him for the past half an hour in *Fleshpoint*)

7] "I've just been informed zombies are in the building. They're at the door. They're coming in. Arrrrghh"

(some rotten radio announcer keeping us up to date with the latest zombie invasion situation (literally) in *Zombie Flesh Eaters*)

8] "What's in the basket?"

(Diana Browne curiously asks Kevin Vanhentenryk, who has kindly brought his brother Beliel along to see her again in *Basket Case*)

9] "I thought you were big time but you turned out to be small potatoes"

(Wings Hauser commenting on Isabella Rossellini's sexual performance in *Tough Guys Don't Dance*)



OUT WITH A BANG!

10] "I couldn't give a f..."

(Roy Schaidler telling Laurence Olivier that indeed he couldn't, just before Olivier stabs him in Marathon Man)

11] "George, you don't understand. George, son, no!"

(William S. Kiersey, trying to explain to his son George that indeed he doesn't understand what he and a gorgeous girl were up to in Nightmares In A Damaged Brain)

12] "You Hoo. Ladies, ladies!"

(Lloyd Gordon grabs the attention of some beautiful women, whose true personality he obviously doesn't know, in Piranha Women)

13] "Oh shit. What the fuck? Where's my balls? You fuck! You bastard, you!"

(Tony Darrow, brilliantly improvising with James Lorins whilst melting after taking a sip of the infamous Viper in Street Trash)



14] "Come in"

(Robert Ardin, as the US ambassador to Britain, to his secretary, whose actions of opening the door cause an instant suicide in The Final Conflict)

15] It's over. The witch is dead, Mary. She's gone. We're safe!"

(James Houghton telling Mary the good news, or so he thinks, just before Mary transforms into 'The Witch' in Superstition/The Witch)

16] "Blue!... No!!"

(Michael Palin as Sir Gallabead, who must answer 3 questions; this one being 'What is your favourite colour?' in the Holy Grail)

17] "Now get out of my way Henry or I'll swear to God you'll be wearing your balls for earrings"

(Adrienne Barbeau quoting Stephen King's favourite line to Hal Holbrook, as he pushes her towards the mysterious crate in Creepshow)

18] "Jesus wept!"

(Andrew Robinson, just before the Cenobites 'tear his head apart' in Hellraiser)

19] "Didn't Mummy and Daddy show you enough attention when you were a child?"

(R. Lee Erney, to cadet Adam Baldwin, who happens to have a loaded rifle in Full Metal Jacket)

20] "Let there be light"

(Bomb number 20, who has grown a mind of it's own, and indeed informing the cast there will be light in Dark Star)

Written by Stuart Taylor

BIGGER THAN HITLER - G. CLARK

I MAY HAVE LOST MY ~~DA~~ MY FRIENDS
MY HOUSE AND ALL MY ~~DADDY~~ HAIR IN
A FREAK LANDSLIDE ACCIDENT...



BUT I STILL HAVE MY ~~SANITY~~...



TO CUSH THIS WARD FOR MY OWN...



"I AM NOT INSANE,

The reporter of the 'Daily News' stood eagerly at the door, waiting for just one printable quote, but Mrs. Budd stood silently, and then turned to go back to sleep with her husband. Even though she didn't say a word, inside she must have felt a tremendous release of anxiety, fear and worry. For Albert Fish, the man responsible for her daughter's death, and possibly the deaths of fifteen other children, was dead.

To try and understand what went on in the mind of Albert Fish is impossible. Despite the horrifying details you are about to read, there was no concrete evidence to suggest that Albert Fish was insane. And it would appear that throughout his various acts of sadism, sexual perversion and cannibalism, he behaved rationally and calmly, as to him, acting on eight year old girl was similar to eating a chicken.

What he did to young children exploded the boundaries of depravity, and shocked the whole of America (though now his crimes have been overshadowed by those committed by Ed Gein, Ted Bundy and Charles Manson). However, the crimes which Fish committed way back in the nineteen twenties make those committed by Manson look like parking offences in comparison. Let's begin the story by travelling back to New York during the depression in 1926...

It was approximately 3:30 PM on Monday the 28th of May, when there was a knock at the door of the apartment which belonged to the Budd family. Delia Budd, the mother of the household, opened the door to reveal a small old man dressed in a dark suit with a felt hat, and a newspaper under one arm.

"I'm looking for a young fellow named Edward Budd. I read his ad in yesterday's paper." The ad in question has been placed there by Delia's son, who was looking for work, and this gentleman, who called himself Frank Howard, said that he had an offer which just might

interest her son.

The man was invited in, and carefully sat down in an armchair and waited for Edward to come in. It was then that a young girl came into the room. The man asked her her name. "Beatrice" she answered. The man reached into his pocket and gave her a five cent piece. He smiled softly.

Edward arrived, along with one of his friends, Willie. Both were tall, strong boys, and eager for the chance to work in the countryside. The man asked them to stand up, and he eyed them over. He said that they were just the kind of hard workers he had been looking for to help on his farm. He said that he would return on Saturday afternoon to take them out to his place in Farmingdale, where they would begin work for him at \$15 a week. He then slowly got up, petted the young girl's head, and left. The boys couldn't believe their luck - Finally a job.

The old man couldn't believe his luck either...

Saturday morning came and went, and Edward received a handwritten telegram from Howard saying that he was sorry but because of business in New Jersey he wouldn't be there until Sunday morning. As the telegram said, Frank Howard arrived and was greeted by Albert Budd, Edward's father. Howard had brought gifts of cheese and strawberries, and once he had said good morning to everyone, he asked Albert if his son had kept the telegram he had sent the previous day:

"Yes" said Albert, "It's over there on the mantelpiece." With that, the old man slowly walked over, took the paper and put it in his pocket.

Meal time came and they all sat down for dinner. An attractive live girl came into the room. Her name was Grace, and she was Albert's other daughter. Still dressed for church, she walked over to Howard. He gently told her how pretty she was. He felt her hair and then gave her 50 cents:

I AM JUST QUEER."

-ALBERT FISH

"Go out and buy some candy for you and your sister" he said. The girl thanked him and left to go and play outside. Her mother called to her as she left:

"Tell Eddie Mr. Howard is here to see him about work."

A few minutes later, both Eddie and Willie arrived.

"Boys", began Howard, "I'm not taking you to work straight away. My sister is throwing a party for one of her children, and I am obliged to attend. After the party I'll call by and pick you up then."

As he was leaving, Grace and her sister ran into the room, and Howard said that he had suddenly had an idea. Perhaps Grace would like to go with him to the party - there would be lots of other children, and gazes, and soda pop, and candy... and then he could bring her back when he called for the boys...

Grace and Howard were never seen again. It was as if the Earth has swallowed them up. The police cursed at the lack of clues (all they had was a photostat of the telegram), the newspaper editors smiled at the kidnapping case sold more newspapers, and the Budd family wept as there was still no sight of their beloved Grace. Suspects came and went. Evidence was found and then discarded. A man named Charles Pope was indicted for young Grace's abduction on September 15, 1930. Due to stockings similar to those worn by Grace being found in his farm, and the evidence of his wife, Jessie Pope, the main witness, later admitted that she had been trying to have her husband committed to an asylum so that she could get her husband's money. The stockings were discovered to be hand-me-downs from a friend for Pope's son, who had five children of his own.

The case dissolved, but one week before it did, on December 13, 1930, a similar elderly man was admitted to the psychiatric ward at Bellevue hospital for a ten day period. He had been arrested for sending "Non

available matter of a vile, filthy nature" through the U.S. postal service. This wasn't the first time this had happened, and it wouldn't be the last. The man's name, although he used many aliases, was Albert Fish...

Beginning in the Spring of 1929, Fish would compulsively write obscene letters at random, to addresses which he found in the classified columns of daily newspapers. Often he posed as a successful Hollywood producer, willing to offer his undying affection and large sums of money to women who were willing to perform certain services for himself or his fictitious teenage son, 'Bobby.' Here is an example of what he wrote:

"...I can taste your sweet piss, your sweet shit. You must pee-pee in a glass and I shall drink every drop of it as you watch me. Tell me when you want to do number two. I will take you over my knees, pull up your clothes, take down your drawers and hold my mouth to your sweet honey fat ass and eat your sweet peanut butter as it comes out fresh and hot. That is how they do it in Hollywood."

In September, 1930, Fish mailed one of these letters to a professional housekeeper whose address he had found in the situations wanted column in 'The New York World.' The woman, Mrs. E. Solarid, promptly turned the letter over to the police, and even though he had used a pseudonym - 'Robert Fiske' - he had included a return address in case the woman wished to reply. The police simply picked him up.

He was later released into the care of his daughter Anna after being found 'Perverse, but not insane or in any state of mental Dementia.' However, he was shortly arrested again for sending more letters to a local boarding school. His room was searched and the police found more letters under his bed, along with a home made cat o' nine

"I AM NOT INSANE,

tells, a decaying frankfurter end carrot, and two wooden paddles with nails in. It was discovered that he would masturbate with one hand, whilst beating his bare buttocks with one of the paddles until he was a bleeding, sweating mess. The frankfurter end carrot also had an important use for Fish:

"I stick 'em up my ass", he answered at the police...

He was promptly released again, but his behaviour had now begun to affect his son, Albert Jr., who was now staying with him. Why did he keep those odd newspaper clippings, and why had he developed a taste for raw meat, especially when the moon was full? And why did he scream out names in his sleep? The questions would soon be answered...

Whilst reading an article on the Budd family, Fish discovered their new address, and decided to write to them and let them know what happened to their little girl:

November 12, 1934

"My Dear Mrs. Budd,

...On Sunday June the 3, 1928 I called on you at 406 W15 St. Bought you pot chaaaa - strawberries. We had lunch. Grace sat in my lap and kissed me. I made up my mind to eat her... I took her to an empty house... when she saw me naked she began to cry and tried to run downstairs. I grabbed her and she said that she would tell her Mamma. First I striped her naked... I choked her to death, then cut her into small pieces so I could take my meat to my room, cook and eat it. How sweet and tender her little ass was roasted in the oven. It took me 9 days to eat her entire body. I did not fuck her tho I could of had I wished. She died a virgin."

(The full letter made references to a friend who persuaded him to try cannibalism)

The Budds were use to cruel

crank mail, but this was too accurate (The date, strawberries, etc.) to be a hoax. The police took it and compared it with the telegram they had. The handwriting matched. This letter had indeed been written by Frank Howard - Graces abductor.

It was however the envelope that sealed Fish's fate. It was headed with a company name and address, which Fish hadn't properly scribbled out, and detectives went their to question all the employees. It transpired that a young worker, Lee Siciowski, had stolen some paper and envelopes from there a while ago, but he had only used a couple. He left the rest in the room of the boarding house where he used to live. Detective King, head of the investigation went there and discovered that a man matching the description of Albert Fish/Frank Howard had moved out only a couple of days before. His signature in the register matched the letter and the telegram perfectly. The landlady informed King that Fish would be returning in a couple of days to collect a cheque which had been sent for him by his son. Fish turned up a few days later to collect his cheque and cash it. He was arrested.

Albert Fish would tell his story over and over again - each time adding more horrifying facts. To save space, here is what basically can be gained from his tale:

He admitted to writing the letter and to kidnapping the young girl. His primary idea had been to kidnap Edward Budd, but when he saw his size he became disheartened and decided to take the girl instead. He took her to a deserted house and whilst naked, stripped her, choked her, and then cut her head off. He sliced through Graces midsection just below the navel. When he reached the spine, he used a cleaver to cut the girl in two.

He took her clothes outside and hid them, and then placed the corpse in a cupboard. He returned four days later...

He later took police to the

I AM JUST QUEER"

-ALBERT FISH

house and a young child's skull - minus the jawbone - was found, along with other assorted bones.

By the time the court case arrived, Fish admitted that he had drank her blood out of an old paint pot and that he had removed the most tender parts of the child (her breast, buttocks and abdomen), wrapped them up in newspaper and took them home. Whilst sitting with them on his lap on the train home, Fish confessed the he had spontaneously ejaculated.

He then made a stew from the flesh along with vegetables, and consumed it over a period of nine days - All the time in a state of sexual excitement. He would masturbate himself to sleep, to awaken hungry for more.

It was discovered that Fish had been a teenage homosexual prostitute, that he enjoyed sadomasochism and oral stimulation on the rectum of men and women, that he enjoyed the taste of urine and excrement, that he may be responsible for over 100 child rapes across 23 states, that he would ejaculate whilst killing children, that he would slash children's buttocks with razor blades to drink their blood, and detectives found that what he did to himself was just as shocking.

They discovered that the reason he moved so slowly was due to 29 needles having been inserted into his pelvic region via his testicles and scrotum, and that he used to place cotton wool soaked in alcohol into his anus and light it...

It came to pass that he may have also been responsible for the deaths of fifteen other children, including four year old Billy Gaffney and eight year old Francis McDonnell, as the descriptions of the 'Grey man' seen nearby at the time of their deaths matched Fish's exactly. He was indicted for the above mentioned murders, but it was the Grace Budd case that secured his fate. Along with bones and clothing, Grace's jewellery was also found, and there

was no doubt that Fish was her abductor and killer.

The trial now hinged on whether Fish was insane, for if he was he could not be executed, only placed in an institution for the rest of his life.

The jury found him 'sane' and 'guilty', although they later admitted that they had actually thought he was insane, but decided that he should die anyway.

At precisely 11:09 PM, Thursday January 10, 1936, eight years after killing Grace Budd, Albert Fish, aged 63, died in the electric chair.

We'll never know for sure how many children he raped and killed, but there can be no doubt that this was Americas most fiendish, sadistic and depraved killer...



"Sometimes I myself am not sure what is real and what is not, what I've really done and what are things I want to do and thought about doing for so long that it got to be as if I had done them, so that I remember them just as clearly as real things." - Albert Fish.

Written by Darran Faulkner.

Sequels - Part II, by Jim McLennan.

Few films were originally planned to extend over more than one picture. In contrast to the world of literature, where books are regularly written as a single entity and published as several ('Lord of the Rings' being the most famous case), it is very rare that an 'original' movie is planned as part of an on-going series - the 'Star Wars' trilogy is a virtually unique example where NINE films were/are planned.

The key difference between films and books is that while a movie may be made for many purposes, the only reason a company decides to make a 'Part II' is money. Pictures that don't make money, don't have sequels (there are exceptions: I find it impossible to believe 'The Howling' 2-6 all made a profit). The more money a film makes, the greater the pressure for a sequel. But why are so many follow-ups dire? What distinguishes the gem that's better than the original?

Of course, it's important to realise the difference between critical acclaim and box-office power. 'A Nightmare on Elm Street' is generally regarded as the best of the bunch but it took less money than numbers 2, 3 or 4. And it's also important to realise the difference between a series and a sequel: in a sequel (often spottable by the Roman numerals!), characters will refer, either directly or by their actions, to an earlier film. In series, such as the Carry On or Bond films, each movie exists independently with little or no cross-reference. Some are in the middle, like Romero's 'Dead' trilogy.

Joe Bob Briggs said that if you're making a sequel, you should make EXACTLY the same movie as you did the first time. And this route does often lead to very successful, and good, films with the key caveat that it only works if you've got the same people doing it, as that way you avoid simply repeating your mistakes. For instance, 'Evil Dead 2' is not so much a sequel as a straight remake, with everything bigger, better and flashier than it was first time round. Equally, 'Gremlins 2' has virtually the same plot as the

original, just moved up by an order of magnitude from small-town to big-city America. Gizmo gets wet, the Gremlins trash the joint, Phoebe Cates looks terribly cute. Same movie.

Bigger is not necessarily better though, as 'Die Hard II' showed. Vast sums of money were pumped into the film but Renny Harlin's direction wasn't on the same scale. His handling of the 'characters' (I hesitate to apply the term to such wafer-thin constructions) was lack-lustre, a limp script didn't help, and the end-product felt as if the budget had been spent on powder snow of the Colombian variety rather than the cold, wet stuff.

Another example of how NOT to make-the-same-film-again is provided by the 'Friday the 13th' series. Over the past ten years or so, there have been seven clones of the first one, each one more or less worse than the last. These eight films have virtually had eight totally different casts and crews, making them not so much remakes as blatant rip-offs. The other problem is that there were, literally, hundreds of UNOFFICIAL sequels with maniacs stalking lingerie-clad teenagers. Some were better, some were worse but they succeeded in killing the genre with the cinematic equivalent of a pair of garden shears to the neck. Nobody bothered to nick the story of 'The Evil Dead' between entries, which meant that the ideas were still fresh 'n' tasty when Raimi unleashed the sequel.

If proof were needed that using the same team can work wonders at the box-office, you need only look at 'Lethal Weapon II'. All the suicidal edge of the first one vanished and you got Mel Gibson PLAYING at being insane. In what was, to all intents, a standard buddy cop film. However, the public loved it and Danny Glover, Gibson and director Donner raked in even more dollars than first time round, aided to a certain extent by Mel's ass and Patsy Kamit's nipples.

The alternative is to make a movie that is radically different. This is a very tricky proposition - you're

Sequels - Part II, by Jim McLennan.

effectively making a totally new movie, but with a fairly specific target audience. The results of this are unpredictable, but normally interesting even if they're not a success at the box-office. 'Halloween III: Season of the Witch' bears no relationship to the other movies in the series, doesn't bother with Michael Myers and opts instead for a quirky tale about a murderous manufacturer of masks.

Another movie that adopts a contrary tone is 'Deathstalker II'. Both parts 1 and 3 are straight-forward sword & sorcery, all massive weapons and heaving bosoms (or massive bosoms and heaving weapons), and the middle instalment tries to be the same for about 3 minutes before giving up and blossoming into an unsuited but still very funny parody of the genre. It's something of a pleasant shock if you're expecting a normal barbarian film.



The classic sequel which took a wildly different road to success has to be 'Aliens'. Ridley Scott's original was a masterpiece of tension, with the creature being unseen for much of the movie. James Cameron realised there wasn't much point in trying to repeat this and went for maximum overdrive, with

another love thrown in. The result, described by Scott as 'Rambo in space', is a pedal-to-the-metal, balls-to-the-wall epic. Debate still rages over which film is better: personally, I prefer 'Alien', but happily admit 'Aliens' is still quite awesome.

The danger is that if you tinker with things too much, you'll alienate the people who enjoyed the first one, as happened with 'Mad Max 3'. A had chosen was it's preference for the title 'Mad Max Beyond the Thunderdome', almost denying the existence of the other two films. When it appeared, instead of the expected, and indeed required, mayhem 'n' car-chases we got a '15' certificate (shudder!) and Max playing nursemaid to a bunch of kids. Well, actually, it's not that bad a movie, taken on it's own. However, it's just too damn NICE to fit in with the rest of the series. Most of the time, people expect to see a sequel that's at least consistent with the original movie, which is where 'Highlander II', if you'll pardon the expression, fucked up totally. It was difficult to credit that the scriptwriters had actually SEEN the first film, the story being so loosely linked it suggests they just read the back of the 'Highlander' video box. While the average cinema goer may be dumb (the success of 'Pretty Woman' proves this beyond a doubt), there's nothing wrong with their memory. Further proof of this is the fate meted out to a Bill Cosby comedy. The public decided there wasn't much point seeing 'Leonard, Part 6' when they'd never heard of the first five. That the preceding films had never been made was irrelevant.

Some people make a career out of sequels: Jim Wynorski, as well as 'Deathstalker II', has also directed 'The Return of Swamp Thing', 'Big Bad Mama II' and the remake, 'Not of this Earth'. On the other hand, Walt Disney avoided making sequels to any of his classic animation films - not that there was much point, when the originals kept getting bumps on seats. Besides, after "...and they all lived happily ever after", where can you go? What could possibly happen in 'The Return of Bambi'?

But this is a rarity - it's probably true to say that almost any film can have a sequel if the box-office demands it. Looking at my videos, the only one that might be impossible to write is 'Miracle Mile 2', though nobody has yet had the guts to do 'Hamlet II' (Sound FX: writer manfully avoiding joke about 'Henry V'). The lure of cash can raise people from the dead, although serious ingenuity is sometimes required to get round the death of a major character: 'He had a twin brother' ('A Better Tomorrow 2'). 'This is a prequel' ('A Better Tomorrow 3') or even 'We won't say anything and hopefully the audience will forget the last time they saw him, he was being dragged by animated intestines into a roomful of zombies' ('Re-Animator 2').

Such things will never get in the way of the film companies, any more than the engulfed screams of fans as they see a beloved favourite mangled, dismembered, reconstructed and goaded into a parody of life, a shambling, Frankensteinian creation. Money is God in the film industry - why bother to make up new plots when you can recycle successful old ones? Still, at least one of my favourite movies should be safe - odds are, we WON'T be seeing 'The Railway Children 2' in the near future...

BETTER THAN THE ORIGINAL

Angel III
A Better Tomorrow II
Down of the Dæd
Demone 2
Emmanuelle 5
Gremlins 2
In the Line of Duty 4
Mad Max 2
Star Trek 4
Young Lady Chatterley II

WORSE THAN THE ORIGINAL

Ghostbusters 2
The Godfather III
Halloween II
Jaws 2-4
Nightmare on Elm Street 2
The Howling 2-6
Police Story 2
Return of the Living Dead 2
Robocop 2
Star Trek 5

The Giant Monster Movie Filmography by Graeme Clark.

They're coming this way... destroying everything in their path... they care nothing for human life... their only urge is to decimate, annihilate... they come in all shapes but only one size, and that's BIG... their overlords include O'Brien, Ronde, Herrhausen, Gordon, Jaren... they swoop from the skies, erupt from the oceans, burst from the jungles... some are little stop-motion models, some are men in silly rubber suits, some are actually normal-sized and just magnified a bit, actually... er...

Giant monsters have been around in the horror and science fiction genres since they started, thanks to special effects pioneers like George Meier and Willis O'Brien, because that's what these monsters are, special effects. However, some can be very good special effects ('King Kong') and some can be hideously bad ('Godzilla vs the Smog Monster'). Still, variety is the spice of life, and giant monsters are certainly various, ranging from huge insects ('Them!') to giant rodents ('Night of the Lepus'), normal people who have grown to outrageous size ('Attack of the Fifty-Foot Woman'), crested dinosaurs ('The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms'), fearsome mythological monstrosities ('The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad') and large, expending dollops of jelly ('The Blob').

So, then, here is a filmography of them all, in chronological order, outlining plots, giving the country of origin and naming those responsible. You never knew there were so many synonyms for the word 'big'...



THE CONQUEST OF THE POLE (1912) France (orig. A LA CONQUETE DU POLE)

George Melies, inventor of the fantasy film, also seems to have invented the giant monster movie, as this film features an enormous Abominable Snowman which devours members of an expedition to the North Pole.

THE LOST WORLD (1925) US

Willis O'Brien's first feature, using his pioneering stop motion technique to animate dinosaurs in uncharted Africa. Wallace Beery is Professor Challenger; based on the novel by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND (1929) US

Early 2-colour Technicolor version of Jules Verne's novel with Lionel Barrymore as Count Daktar (Captain Nemo under a different name), two submarines, a race of underwater dwarves and a fight with a giant octopus (perhaps an original idea in 1929). Directed by Lucien Hubbard, Maurice Tourneur (Jacques' father) and Benjamin Christiansen ('Witchcraft Through the Ages'); something of an oddity.

KING KONG (1933) US

Robert Armstrong and Fay Wray are among the film makers visiting Skull Island, looking for material for a new movie. They come across a prehistoric land ruled by a gigantic ape, King Kong. Kong falls in love with Miss Wray and is captured by the film makers, is taken to New York where he escapes and runs rampage, ending up on top of the Empire State Building fighting biplanes. The greatest giant monster movie of all - every time you watch it you'll hope maybe Kong will win this time. He was animated by Willis O'Brien using twenty-seven models of different sizes; his roar is a lion's roar played backwards. Kong fares better against pterodactyls and tyrannosaurus than against gas bombs and biplanes; a scene with a giant spider was edited out. Watch for Noble Johnson as chief of the Skull Island tribe, and the

directors Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack in one of the attacking planes during the finale.

SON OF KONG (1933) US

Ernest B. Schoedsack directed this quick sequel, while Merian C. Cooper produced. Robert Armstrong (from the first film) returns to Skull Island and finds angry natives led by Noble Johnson again, a few prehistoric monsters and a smaller, whiter Kong, once more animated by Willis O'Brien. Pretty light, and nowhere near the success the original was.

ONE MILLION B.C. (1940) US

Hal Roach's famous caveman epic has its dinosaurs played by real lizards, magnified to look huge. I suppose it was a new idea at the time, but this film has become a trove of stock footage for low-budget film makers. The humans include Victor Mature, Carol Landis and Lon Chaney Jr.



King Kong goes apeshit.

THE GIANT MONSTER MOVIE FILMOGRAPHY - (Continued.)

THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD (1940) UK (completed in US)

A remake of the classic Douglas Fairbanks silent, which is even better than the original. Sabu is the thief who aids the prince in regaining his throne from evil Conrad Veidt. Although the giant djinni isn't a monster as such, there is a giant spider. Brilliant sets by William Cameron Menzies (among others). Michael Powell was one of the directors, and it won three Oscars (color cinematography, art direction and special effects).

UNKNOWN ISLAND (1948) US

A dull 'Lost World' copy, all talk and little action, with the occasional unconvincing dinosaur. Stars Barton MacLane, Virginia Grey and Richard Denning ('Creature from the Black Lagoon').

MIGHTY JOE YOUNG (1949) US

Cooper, Schoedsack and O'Brien (with Ray Harryhausen) were back with another giant ape movie; this time the ape is brought back from the jungle, becomes a night club act (tug o'war with wrestlers) and goes berserk. He is forgiven when he rescues kiddies from a burning orphanage. With Terry Moore (who married Howard Hughes) and Robert Armstrong (again). O'Brien received an Oscar for the special effects.

TWO LOST WORLDS (1950) US

A girl captured by pirates is saved by James Arness ('Thea') and they end up shipwrecked on an island inhabited by stock-footage dinosaurs.

LOST CONTINENT (1951) US

Cesar Romero and his band of intrepid explorers search for an atomic rocket on a 'Lost World' plateau. They avoid various dinosaurs and meet Aquanetta. With John Hoyt.

UNTAMED WOMEN (1952) US

What's a tamed woman? Anyway, an aeroplane crashlands near an island populated by nubile young

ladies, 'Hairy Men' and stock-footage dinosaurs. With Lyle Talbot ('Plan 9 from Outer Space').

THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS (1953) US

Awakened by the atomic bomb tests, a rhedosaurus (sort of a cross between a brontosaurus and a tyrannosaurus) heads for New York (eating Cecil Kellaway on the way) and is shot by Lee van Cleef in a fairground. This is the film that started the giant monsters cliché of the fifties, with the rhedosaurus animated by Ray Harryhausen. With genre stars Kenneth Tobey and King Donovan, and directed by Eugene Lourie, who seems to like this kind of thing. Based on 'The Foghorn' by Ray Bradbury.



THE MAGNETIC MONSTER (1953) US

A new isotope is discovered, but it keeps doubling its size by absorbing its surroundings every few hours. Richard Carlson and King Donovan are worried. Directed by Curt Siodmak, who also wrote the script.

GODZILLA, KING OF THE MONSTERS (1954) Japan (orig. GOJIRA)

Japanese film company Toho's first gigantic man-in-a-dinosaur-suit monster movie stars their most famous monster, Godzilla, who is awakened by a H-bomb and goes to Tokyo to stamp and breath fire on it. With Takashi Shimura and in the American version, Raymond Burr. Directed by Inoshiro Honda, who did loads of these films.

KILLERS FROM SPACE (1954) US

Peter Graves vs ridiculous-looking aliens, who threaten to unleash giant insects on Planet Earth. Directed by Billy Wilder's brother, W. Lee Wilder.

THEM (1954) US

The classic giant insects on the rampage movie, with Edmund Gwenn, James Whitmore and James Arness pitted against huge, mutant ants (created by the obligatory atomic bomb tests) which start out in the New Mexico desert and then take up residence in Los Angeles' sewers. The original giant insect movie, and the best.

TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA (1954) US

Kirk Douglas and Peter Lorre are captured by Captain Nemo (James Mason) in his submarine the 'Nautilus'. This, Disney's best live action film, features the famous giant squid attack on the submarine.

ULYSSES (1954) Italy

Kirk Douglas is the Greek hero who battles sirens and a cyclops on his way home from Troy.

**GIGANTIS, THE FIRE MONSTER (1955)
(orig. Gajira no gyakushu)**

Gigantis, who is actually Godzilla using a nom de plume, beats up Angorus, a giant, spiky armadillo, destroying everything in his path as usual.

IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA (1955) US

A five-legged octopus (animated by Ray Harryhausen) rises from the deep and smashes up San Francisco. Kenneth Tobey and Faith Domergue aim to stop it in its tracks; Charles Schnee produced (he produced a lot of this kind of thing).

KING DINOSAUR (1955) US

Bert I. Gordon arrives on the scene with this prehistoric planet adventure. Almost all of Mister

Gordon's genre films contain giant monsters (the ones in this film are magnified and rear projected animals). With a cast of complete unknowns - remember Bill Bryant? Wanda Curtis? Who?

THE QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT (1955) UK

Brian Donlevy is Professor Quatermass whose deep space experimental rocket returns to earth minus all but one of the astronauts (Richard Wordsworth). Mister Wordsworth has a disease which makes him absorb life - he ends up a huge, blobby, tentacled monster in Westminster Abbey. Directed and co-written by Val Guest. The sequel ('Quatermass II') also features big, blobby space aliens.

TARANTULA (1955) US

After Leo G. Carroll's food experiments turn his assistant Eddie Parker acromegalic, Parker smashes up the laboratory releasing the giant animal subjects of Carroll's research, in particular a 50 foot high tarantula. Thank Heavens John Agar (and Clint Eastwood) is here to save us. Directed by sci-fi favourite Jack Arnold.

**GIANT SPIDER STRIKES!
...CRAWLING TERROR 100 FEET HIGH!**



THE GIANT MONSTER MOVIE FILMOGRAPHY - (Continued.)

WORLD WITHOUT END (1955) US

Hugh Marlowe ('The Day the Earth Stood Still') and his crew of a Mars space mission go through a time warp on the way back to Earth, and find themselves in a post-nuclear holocaust society that lives underground, to avoid mutants and giant spiders, of course.

THE BEAST OF HOLLOW MOUNTAIN (1956) US / Mexico

Guy Madison battles a tyrannosaurus in the Mexico desert. From a story by Willis O'Brien, also used in 'The Valley of Gwangi' (qv).

FORBIDDEN PLANET (1956) US

Leslie Nielsen and his flying saucer crew land on Altair IV to discover Walter Pidgeon and Anne Francis are its only inhabitants. They soon find out why when a massive invisible monster attacks the saucer. Classic sci-fi based on William Shakespeare's 'The Tempest'; with Robby the Robot and 'electronic tonalities' instead of music.

X THE UNKNOWN (1956) UK

A huge mass of radioactive mud wells up from an army bomb test site in the Highlands and starts wandering around dissolving people. Dean Jagger and Leo McKern star in the first 'Blob' movie.

THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN (1957) US

Glenn Langan is caught in a plutonium bomb test and starts to grow to tremendous size. He becomes slightly unhinged and, dressed as Gandhi, smashes up Las Vegas. This is a Bert I. Gordon film, so the special effects are unconvincing, to say the least. '57 was a popular year for giant monsters.

ATTACK OF THE FIFTY-FOOT WOMAN (1957) US

Nobody would be as insensitive as to call Allison Hayes a monster, but she does grow to enormous proportions after an encounter with a bald alien. After breaking free

from the doctors trying to shrink her to normal size, she stomps around town looking for her adulterous husband (William Hudson), bellowing 'I WANT MY HARRY' as one would under the circumstances.

ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS (1957) US

An early Roger Corman feature, with giant mutant crabs emerging from the Pacific to bite the heads off innocent scientists. The crabs also do impressions of their victims to lure more unsuspecting prey.

BEGINNING OF THE END (1957) US

Radiation (what else?) causes grasshoppers to become ten feet high and jump around Chicago (except the effects are so bad they look as if they are crawling over photographs of Chicago). It's a good thing Peter Graves is on hand with a tape of grasshopper mating calls to lure them into a lake. Bert I. Gordon produced, directed and co-wrote the script.

THE BLACK SCORPION (1957) US

Willis O'Brien animated the monster scorpions that threaten a Mexican village. Mara Corday, who was in 'Tarantula' two years previous, is a female lead.

THE CYCLOPS (1957) US

Gloria Talbot and Lon Chaney Jr fly to Mexico to find Miss Talbot's long lost husband. Alas, he's been turned 25-feet taller, and his face is hideously deformed to comply with the title. Bert I. Gordon is behind it, of course.

THE DEADLY MANTIS (1957) US

An Arctic earthquake unleashes a massive mantis who makes straight for New York to die in a car pile-up. Nathan Juran directed.

KRONOS (1957) US

A large energy-consuming cube on legs is dropped on Earth by space aliens. The more energy it

KRONOS (1957) Continued.

absorbs, the bigger it gets. With Jeff Morrow; directed by Kurt Neumann ('The Fly').

THE LAND UNKNOWN (1957) US

A helicopter crash-lands in a prehistoric valley in the Antarctic, which is full of huge dinosaurs, mist, and carnivorous plants. With Jock Mahoney, who should feel right at home there after playing 'Tarzan' a few times in his career.

THE MONOLITH MONSTERS (1957) US

Water-sensitive crystals from a meteorite expand into large pillars of rock when in contact with anything containing water (rain, people, etc.). When they get too big, they topple and fall onto a nearby town. From a Jack Arnold story; starring Grant Williams ('The Incredible Shrinking Man').

MONSTER FROM GREEN HELL (1957) US

Gigantic wasps in Africa give Jim Davis and a team of scientists a bit of trouble. The wasps are either large, black model insect heads or animated insects with little buzzing wings. This film is in black-and-white, but the last five minutes are in colour for no apparent reason.

THE MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD (1957) US

Giant caterpillar eggs are laid in California's Salton Sea; from one of them hatches a giant caterpillar which takes up embroidery. Nah, only joking, the caterpillar runs rampage. Starring Tim Holt, who was usually in Westerns.

NIGHT OF THE DEMON (1957) UK

Classic occult horror with Dena Andrews as a sceptical psychic investigator, who also happens to be the target of Devil-worshipper Niell MacGinnis. Director Jacques Tourneur was a master of subtlety and suggestion, so was not too happy when the producers included a

dirty great demon in his film (one of the few giant supernatural monsters).



The not so subtle Demon.

RODAN (1957) Japan

Huge insects and a giant prehistoric bird (or a man in a silly suit, whichever you prefer) emerge from a cave after being disturbed. The bird, Rodan, creates hurricanes by flapping its wings, laying waste to cities, and so on. Directed by Inoshiro Honda.

20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH (1957) US

A space craft returning from Venus crash lands in the sea off the Italian coastline and a little monster escapes from it. Soon the little monster (animated by Ray Harryhausen) is a very big monster, smashing up Rome, killing Italians and attacking an elephant. Directed by Nathan Juran, who did 'The Deadly Mantis' the same year.

THE BLOB (1958) US

A meteorite falls to Earth, bursts open and a transparent blob of gunge oozes out, engulfing an old man's arm. By the time the doctor has examined him, the blob has engulfed him completely and turned red. And still it grows! Steve McQueen and friends have difficulty in getting anyone to believe them until the blob starts eating cinema-goers in the local flea-pit.



PRISCILLA

by DF Lewis

This story's a rap. An old-fashioned one you can jerk to... a once-offer, a jacuzzi of the brain and, girl, if you're listening, suspender belts are coming back, too.

I wanted to be a hero. But I'd got to earn my spurs, prove to you that there's more to me than meets the eye.

The day I drifted into the singles bar, someone had pumped up the juke-box, and I couldn't think straight into the role I'd originally laid out for the evening... but I soon put the record straight, on scratch hold, and winking deeply enough to split my head, I fondled you, girl, before you had the chance to hear what I had to say.

"Come in, the water's just right," I ventured.

You shrugged your bosoms and I dreamed of the time I'd dangle conkers from them...

"Mine's a right royal one, in colours that match the rest of me, with a designer pouch..." I confirmed.

She scowled, didn't you, enough to scorch the water on my brain... and moving her arse to where a face used to be, she blew me out...

...into the street, where I was no longer young, for a century of pain had doubled me up and taken me from then to another then.

My hair was greying at the temples and I found it hard to stand my rounds. You, girl, followed me out. I felt better already. You hitch the skirt to your shoulder blades, adjust the suspension of your under-carriage and my mind creams over.

Can't you speak or, at least, rap along with me. Even my dicky heart gives to the drunk rhythms of parties within parties, sky-eye stairways of flats throbbing around us with the blinding cross-currents of chinese-box discos.

Let's gate-crash and then gate-crash again. If a party's worth a party, it takes you ten thousand years to reach its inner sanctum, where the action is...

The moment I'd stepped into the high-rise house, the party was in full swing. Snoggers and neckers even hung from its light shades, and the music... well, it sounded like a lot of fat boys farting.

I idled up to the bar where my girl friend's mother was rationing out the joint.

"Seen Priscilla?" I asked, not really expecting her to reply.

"She's upstairs with another fellow."

I took the stairs at a run, missing the middle section altogether.

Bob stopped me on the landing; "How about gate-crashing this party again?"

I laughed off the joke and progressed towards the bedrooms, not knowing in which one Priscilla was ensconced.

Leaning against one of the doors was my long lost pen pal, Peter Petal, who had evidently dropped acid in the not too dim and distant past, boldly going where no man dared. He pointed along the corridor - I forged on, anger gathering itself for a last fling.

I stormed the door he indicated.

Peering through the half-light, I spotted my moral tutor squatting on the floor, guiltily unhanding himself.

I decided this was not the right time to broach the subject of my degree course, especially as he retreated under the bed in some apparent confusion as to my intentions. I nearly dragged him out again, to piss into his mouth. That would be more than he deserved.

I tried the door of the en suite bathroom.

"Gill! I know you're in there."

Within my head, my brain felt like a lump of protoplasm crawling

through primeval slime but it knew all along that I was pursuing a moon cow around the universe.

The space lanes were too obvious free-for-all where jobsworths saluted the jockeying disco-like lights in Heaven.

If she were here, she would no doubt be disguised as a refugee from Star Trek, still bemused by the particular peccadilloes of her own version of Captain Kirk.

No, I must digress - towards the Dark, where lurked those monsters who had failed the auditions. She smiled at their inability to count their own limbs.

Little did I know she was crouching within her own womb, desperate to shed the outer skin that did her no justice at all.

But the bathroom was a right old sauna. It was just as if I had come off the cold Norwegian forest lands into the near reaches of a Sun system that only needed to grow slightly hotter to disappear up its own arse.

I manhandled her pert, finely nipples breasts as if they were engine oil. I exploded the myth of her mouth with the legend of my tongue. And the little bits that came off me explored further into her gullet.

There was also a greaser in the bath with her, wasn't there? And I bent his head down violently, so that he could feed off his own privates.

I sweated like a pig in labour.

You and me, we need each other as we plumb the layers of deafeners and blinders, with body leading into body (where one ends, the other doesn't begin, and vice versa)... And you gave me a hard time. You'd no mercy on my soft bits. Once in with a clutch of heroes (where I evidently needed to stay, to boost up my identity for a while), you snatched me into the next, where the men turned uglier, but you thought them sweeter, didn't you, Cilla?

I tried it on. But you took it off. What a phaser you played... taking me into the shrine of the party, where the drugs were so stiff, they paid you for using them up... And I went up a mile wide. As wide as your heaving hips. And you said you thought the outside of my body was as ugly as its insides.

The party jazzed on for another day and another night. We'd come a long way since the now fictitious meeting in the singles bar.

Most of us came off the medicine towards the end, but some never recovered.

A few are on call for dress rehearsal of an old-fashioned sci-fi TV series, never knowing whether they are to be cast as hero or monster.

Priscilla? That wasn't you, after all, incredible as that may seem. She'll probably go off with my moral tutor to form a rock group called INSIDER DEALING. Her mother will play all the instruments backstage, as they mine up front, during the future's desultory nights.

That rapped it all up. We were the only two at the parties' nucleus - the slow-churning eye of the storm. And, before zoning out, I saw your beady eyes threaded on my skewer of a stare.

I'm a demonster now, and I'm easy meat. Once you've reached the centre of things, where it's all at, your only next move is to become an alien, like me. And then you won't be you at all.

But space is not big enough for both of us. It was bad enough when Priscilla made a threesome, but now it's not even big enough for me. My head's smaller than my brain, but it feels bigger than the whole universe.

I pull myself from the ramcidedly stagnant swimming-pool of my brain. And the girl's hardened nipples rap against each other like conkers as she wriggles into her ribcage beside me. She calls me Bob, for no good reason. I don't seem to care, as she comes to tuck me up for the umpteenth time.

But eventually the sun went out on us. Somebody no doubt pulled out God's light fittings; then there was nothing of me to meet the eye.

I am writing this in the dark - so maybe I've got this ending wrong.



MIDNIGHT STATIC

Jacob's Ladder

Starring: Tim Robbins,
Elisabeth Pena,
Denny Aiello,
Matt Craven.

Director: Adrian Lyne.

UK Release: September 1991.

Distributor: Guild.

Press screened in November of last year, Jacob's Ladder has waited nearly a year for its belated UK release, the main reason behind this being an incomprehension upon the part of its distributors as to how to market Adrian Lyne's thought demanding rendition of Bruce Joel Rubin's elliptical script.

Having turned turkey in the States, a strong opening week followed by a fatal tailspin (the inevitable price for expecting the American film goer to do anything other than park his brain at the box office) Lyne's visionary tale has joined the ranks of neglected and ill-distributed classics, typified in recent years by Steve De Jernett's Miracle Mile, Argento's Opera and Michele Soavi's La Chiesa (The Church.)

Opening in Vietnam, we witness a platoon of American soldiers seemingly under attack by the Viet cong, but all is not as it seems. Years later, Jacob Singer (Tim Robbins), one of the platoon members to survive finds his life beginning to disintegrate as he is assailed by demonic visions, attacked by mysterious people and plagued by conflicting dreams and Vietnam flashbacks. It would be unfair to reveal more of the plot, but as Jacob starts to unravel his past, it becomes clear that all is not well and a meeting with a biochemist leads to a startling revelation.

A thoughtful, measured picture in

which each exposition punctuated by brief though memorable special effects sequences lead to its unrelenting more like a good novel than a \$40 million picture (I was actually reminded of William Hjortsberg's Felling Angel, a similarly multi-layered story.) The characterisations are excellent, aided by some very good performances. Robbins especially end unexpectedly so, whilst one Lewis Black contributes a sublime cameo as the 'evil doctor' in a nightmare sequence. Another revelation is Adrian Lyne's focused, restrained direction, after such dross as Nine and a Half Weeks, Fleshdance and the overrated Fatal Attraction, a definite aid to this is Bruce Joel Rubin's compelling allegorical script, a masterpiece.

Incidentally, what is seen in this final cut of the film reviewed here is about two thirds of the original script which is actually published in the States under the Applause Screenplay Series in unabridged form, with additionally an appendix of deleted scenes and a self written chronicle by Rubin of the transition from script to screen. Beg, borrow or kill to get a copy.

Peter Lynch

Night Plague

Author: Graham Masterton

Publisher: Tor

Release: Import only, at present.

In this day and A.I.D.S. I bet that touched a few raw nerves, conveying admirably everyone's inherent fear and helplessness in the face of unknown disease. And what a disease! The Night Plague is a dream-conveyed pestilence that leads to total moral breakdown and vomiting meat-fat and rats nests. Another nice touch was putting the book firmly on the other foot by casting a man as the victim - who gets brutally raped in the first chapter! From then 'til the end in the channel tunnel, Masterton pulls us along at his usual high velocity, leading us through some heavy theological shit... we've got Ashepoia, the God of all Gods, against Seten, the villain of all villains, and as you'd expect, there's some mighty mayhem coming down. Such as boy-dog hybrids running

riot, and plague-carriers ripping peoples' faces off! If you're looking for definitive horror-fantasy, then this is about as good as it gets. Not quite as good as 'Death Dream', but still a damn fine book... Shame that you've to find it on import at the moment, so get your thumb out of your arses and dig it out.

Ian Glasper

The Stand
(Uncut & revised edition)

Author: Stephen King.
Publisher: Hodder & Stoughton.
Release: Out now.

Probably Stephen King's best novel, *The Stand* was first published in 1978 but this was not the complete version as Mr. King's publishers deemed the novel too long and asked him to make a few cuts. Four hundred pages of cuts as it turned out. Now, however, you can read the uncensored and unabridged version; is it worth it?

The story concerns a germ-warfare disease which, due to a fatal mistake, is let loose on an American government base and eventually onto an unsuspecting world, a little like A.I.D.S. Suffice to say, this disease (a type of killer flu called 'Captain Trips') wipes out the population of the USA, and presumably the planet, and the rest of the novel is a thousand blank pages. No, only joking, because here is where the supernatural element comes in. There are survivors, inexplicably immune to Captain Trips and these survivors are having the strangest dreams, dreams of an old woman sitting in an old farmhouse in the east and more importantly, the Dark man, always in

shadow but for his grin, walking the highways in the west. Yes, it's apocalyptic time and the survivors must choose their sides.

So, what has this version got that the '78 version doesn't? Well, there are some atmospheric illustrations by Bernie Wrightson (who also illustrated King's 'Cycle Of The Werewolf' and the incredibly violent 'Batman: The Cult'), his rendering of Trashcan Man is particularly good. As a matter of fact, Trashcan Man gets a lot more to do in the uncut version. His journey to Las Vegas is the most noticeable addition (meeting an incredible character called 'The Kid', incidentally), as is what happens to him when he gets there. Also added are a prologue concerning the family which escape from the government base and carry the plague to the world and an epilogue which makes the ending a little more downbeat.

The other restored sections are perhaps a little less obvious, so if you've read the '78 *Stand* and you're wondering whether it's worth coughing up (no pun intended) seven quid for the uncut version, the answer would probably be 'probably not'. Of course, if you're a King fan you'll probably buy it anyway but, it is more worthwhile borrowing it from someone who has already bought it if you really want to read it.

If you have never read the '78 *Stand*, however, then this new version is thoroughly recommended; it's a true horror epic, sprawling and powerful, has excellent characterisation (The Dark man, Flagg, especially; one of the best personification of evil since Bradbury's Mr. Dark) and a narrative drive that makes it compulsive reading.

Graeme Clark

Welcome to the Padded Cell. In this, the first issue, Geoff Ford takes a look at the notorious Bloodsucking Freaks.

This section (and all our others) are thrown open to you the reader. If there's a film you want covered or an article you want to write, then don't delay, write in today! (sorry about that.)

For full details on contributing, take a look at the last page.

**Padded
Cell**



Released in 1976 as House Of The Screaming Virgins or The Incredible Torture Show, re-released in 1983 as Bloodsucking Freaks, directed by Joel M. Reed, starring the late and great Seamus O' Brien this film is one of the all time gore greats. It's got the lot. It's got torture, it's got rape (by e midget), it's got...well.

In the words of the immortal Joe Bob Briggs, king critic of the Texas Drive-In, "it's got heed rollings, finger choppings, foot choppings, midget sodiaz, seventy six breasts (I can confirm this as I have counted them on many occasions, seventy six gorgeous hooters!). We've got cannibels, bondage, self mutilation and women in cages". This film is not for wimps, strimps or pimps, it's only for the gore-bound with the strongest stomach. But has it got plot I hear you say? Well, the answer is yes, of course. What's it about? It goes something like this:

Sardu the Great owns a show called the Theatre Of The Macabre and presents routine light amusement for his audience. The show starts with the midget Ralphus (Louis de Jesus) strapping e woman to e chair and ripping off her blouse (revealing the first two of the seventy six hooters). The midget then places a clamp around her head and tightens it till she bleeds. Early days yet as Ralphus cuts off her hand then removes and eats one of her eyes (those eating pizze beware).

When the show is over Sardu becomes highly pissed when The Times critic refuses to review his show and says it's all crapole and fake. Nobody messes with Sardu, he wants solid revenge and decides to kidnap the critic. This is done by e buxom wench leaping in front of the critic and showing her hooters while Ralphus sneaks up behind him and shoots him in the neck with a drugged dart.

Beck at the theatre, Sardu fills in time by being whipped by two leather clad ladies with big (you guessed it) booters (ere you still counting?). Meanwhile, in the cellar ere numerous naked ladies (in cages) awaiting export to the Middle East as part of the slave trade. Very lucrative, we're talking prime meat.

When the critic comes round at the theatre Sardu decides it's time the critic was really impressed. To do this he attaches electrodes to

the nipples of a slave and bonks 500 volts into her. Neon city. As this fails to impress, Sardu decides to capture Natasha a world famous ballerina and brainwash her into kicking the critic to death at the next show. This man's one mean machine.

Another dart and the fun with the ballerina starts. She is hung up and made to listen to Ralphus playing cymbals. Truly mind-blowing - wear your ear plugs. When this doesn't break her (she eventually gives in when a colleague has her feet chainsawed off!) she is made to witness torture, so enter the doctor.

The doctor is different. "How much do I owe you?" says Sardu, "My malpractice insurance has gone up" says the doc. "How about taking it out on trade?" says Sardu, to which the doc replies gleefully "Another Operation? What kind?". Yes folks, this doc's a frustrated surgeon. Enter another bimbo with the big, well you know by now. Today it's to be brain surgery but first, in case she bites, doc removes all her teeth. Next we get the power drill (Driller Killer eat your heart out) and put a size ten hole through to the brain. Next our friend finds a stew and inserts it into the hole and he - no, I can't bring myself to say it, you must look at the title of the film and use your imagination.

The doc's antics even cause Sardu and Ralphus to barf as Sardu tells midget to feed the doc to the girls in the cages. Gore city. These girls are cannibals with e capitel 'C'. Out comes the doctor's heart and it's used for liberal boob smearing and decoration before being eaten. These girls are truly wild. Meanwhile Sardu and Ralphus are playing derts upstairs using a girl's backside as the dartboard.

There are far too many scenes to mention in full. We're talking fried eyeballs, a cop fed to the cannibels, human fingers (female variety) used as backgammon chips, rock stretching, Ralphus "making love" to a decapitated head and even some sick things that can't be mentioned. If your stomach is strong then you can't go wrong. Geoff agrees with Joe Bob - CHECK IT OUT.

Geoff Ford

???? A Chat With... ???

I can still recall how I enjoyed my first Guy N. Smith book. I put it down feeling as if I had discovered a whole new outlook on life. I had just read "The Slime Beast"...a novel about a putrid marsh creature who sucked people's guts out and ravaged young women. Not only did it contain oodles of violence, there was lots of juicy sex in there too - and what more could a twelve year old boy want to read, for Chrissakes??

The next Smith novel heightened my zest for his works, "The Sucking Pit" - another great fun novel, complete with love potions made out of hedgehogs (!!) and gypsy black magic rituals. From then on in I was hooked and consumed each and every book as and when I saw them published, which was with awesome regularity in the early eighties. I mean, each year saw four or five new Smith titles on the shelves, ensuring him a large and loyal cult following.

The collectability of his books can be demonstrated in that I recently got my sweaty mitts on three early out of print novels - for £70! Much of his popularity is due to his most famous creation, the giant crabs...those bugs, had tempered crustaceans who shambled about going "click-click-clickety-click" severing and devouring the limbs of anyone and avaricious they met. Here we had a B-movie for the aighties, brought to enthusiastic life by Guy's irrevarent prose, bursting at the seams with graphic mutilation and screwing. Phew!!

Loves his books or hates them, their sheer number and raw energy refuse to let you ignore them. He is surely the most prolific, even influential, author of modern horror. I was pleasantly surprised when he agreed to be interviewed by me - proving himself to be friendly, down to earth and appreciative of his fans and their loyalty.

Guy Smith was born in 1939. On leaving college in 1956 he went into the employ of Midland Bank for twenty years before becoming a full-time author. He is married with four children and lives near Clun, Shropshire.

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Our men in the field, Ian Glaasper, chats exclusively with Guy N Smith.

IG: So, what inspired you to start writing and in particular, why horror fiction?

GNS: My mother (E.M.Weale) was an historical novelist prior to the war (Sword & Scythe, Cups Of Fate, Koroli). But mostly I was inspired by the boys' papers and comics of the early 1950's: Adventure, Rover, Hotspur, Wizard, Champion, Eagle, Sun, Comet, Knockout etc.. I used to buy 15 per week and read them from cover to cover. At this time my mother was writing the women's column in a local newspaper and she came up with the idea of running a children's column. I wrote it almost exclusively from 1950-53. As for horror, I began because New English Library were looking for a werewolf novel for their lists in 1974. It went on from there. Regarding horror, I was inspired by the Badger paperbacks. For me, R. Lionel Fanthorpe will always be the greatest horror writer of all time. He is now a very good friend of mine.

IG: Do you get any fulfilment from your writing apart from your livelihood?

GNS: Job satisfaction. You produce something which is unique in that it is your very own.

IG: You seem to have toned down the explicitness of the sex and violence in your novels. Was this a conscious decision or was it a gradual evolution? I mean, you seem far more concerned with characterisation and less with shock tactics nowadays...

GNS: I have changed with the times. Sex and violence was always an editorial stipulation. Pulp novels lend themselves to it, the deeper novels of today much less.

IG: What was the last book you read? What is your all-time favourite book and why?

GNS: I'm just reading Silence Of The Lambs. It's okay but I don't like big books, never have. I much prefer the 160pp novel. For pleasure, I read for nostalgia, Charteris, Sapper, Haggard, Wallace etc. I read some contemporary

horror just to keep an eye on the marketplace but often I flip through the pages, particularly if it's a big book. I don't mind writing big books but I wouldn't read a 600pp blockbuster just for fun, whatever category. All time favourite - Shane by Jack Schaefer. That has everything, it's not just a western.

IG: Roughly where do you stand politically? From some of your books I detect a disgust at how man abuses the planet Earth (i.e. Nature rebelling in your creature based books). Are you green at heart?

GNS: Maybe a 'green' as far as chemical farming goes but I prefer to keep a balanced outlook. I'm not obsessional about such matters, I don't get involved in anything which isn't directly my concern. I can utilise my energy more efficiently. I think we live in a marvellous age, there are a few things wrong that we could put right.

IG: How close to self sufficiency are you on your farm? Is this one of your goals?

GNS: Self sufficiency isn't a goal. My son runs the farm now, there's pretty much everything we want here but we live a relatively normal lifestyle. We eat out a lot, we run four vehicles,



have all the usual things like TV, video, computer, microwave; our central heating runs off the woodburner, though. Self sufficiency is an impossible dream; you might get close to it but you would be a slave to your own lifestyle. I like the best of both worlds.

IG: Just how do you write your books? Are all the ideas your own or do your family help with suggestions? How long do you write each day and when is your muse best tuned?

GNS: Books are all plotted in detail, even broken up into chapters. I have a synopsis file which I work on all the time. I could pull out a dozen ideas tomorrow if somebody asked me for them. I usually write in the evenings/night, start around 7pm, stop when I've had enough, which is usually around 1am. I pick up ideas in the most unusual places, maybe something I see or hear.

IG: What advice would you give to budding writers trying to get their first work published?

GNS: Publishing is in dire straits at the moment. All publishers seem to want are blockbusters by big names.

I'm lucky, they still want mine. Poland was my big break, I've just reached the half million sales. They plan to publish four titles a month from now on, twenty by the end of 1991. A beginner should take his time, produce quality work, and hopefully by the time he's finished the cycle will have completed a full turn and publishers will be looking for new writers.

IG: Quite a few of your books seem set in your immediate locale? I take it you're a writer who likes to set his work against backgrounds he knows intimately? Will we ever see a Guy Smith book set, say, in a fantasy world?

GNS: I like to write about places I know. Watch for The Knighton Vampires (Sphere), sometime in 1992. Knighton, Powys, is my favourite town. I'm there every day. The folks are fantastic, I really owe them a little publicity. Yes, there is on set in a kind of fantasy world but so far it's not contracted. I'm hopeful that it will

be very shortly.

IG: We all know your next book for publication, "The Resurrected", but do you have any idea what will follow that?

GNS: The Knighton Vampires.

IG: Will there ever be further books in the werewolf or crab series? Has anything else been considered for film - I think Deathbell would make a great movie.

GNS: Who knows? Certainly there will be a film of the crabs to be made by John Wolskel who made I Bought A Vampire Motorcycle. John is currently doing something else but after that he has to get back to film making and crabs is top of his list. We're good friends and I'll have an involvement in the making.

IG: Black Hill sounds an ominous place to live - any spooky tales associated with the place? How do your neighbours look upon your horror writing?

GNS: There are no neighbours! The legend here is about The Black Dogs, which, if seen, means that somebody is going to die. I used the legend in the werewolf series.

IG: You were massively prolific early in the 80's. Did you ever yearn to write a book of 'epic' length, or did you feel content writing the short and punchy novels you wrote back then? Your books seem to be getting longer - are you heading for an epic?

GNS: Maybe I'll do a big one. As I've said, I don't mind writing big books but I hate reading them. If I ever get round to doing an 'epic' it'll be after I've retired! I like writing books back to back.

IG: Finally, what's your favourite Guy Smith book and which is your least favourite and why?

GNS: I just don't have favourites. At least every one is a favourite whilst I'm writing it.

IG: Thanks for your time.

***** STOP PRESS *****

Guy N. Smith is publishing his own 'Double Bill of Horror' through Black Hill Books, which he runs from his home in Shropshire. It features two stories by the man himself, 'The Cadaver' and 'Crab's Armada', and will be published by Black Hill Books on 21/11/91. It's numbered and signed by the author and artist, and will go like hot cakes. Reserve your copy (at £10.50) by writing to:

Black Hill Books, The Wain House, Black Hill,
Clunton, Craven Arms, Salops, SY7 0JD.

BIGGER THAN HITLER - G. CLARK



I get into many arguments with women about the sexist nature of horror films. "How can you watch those awful sexist films?" they wail. "Women are always the victims, they are tied up, seduced, chased and raped through countless films." That's very true, I reply but then so are the men. Just look at Hellraiser, Nightmare on Elm Street and Aliens.

Actually women are effectively taking over the horror scene. They are both the hero and the monster. Recent horror films are dominated by powerful women. Good examples of this are Hardware, Aliens and Silence of the Lambs.

Many films have a female monster or villain such as the crazy nurse in Misery, female vampires in Vamp and Fright Night and middle aged mother monsters in Friday the 13th and Psycho 2.

Female characters actually have a wider field in horror films than most other types of films. So where do people get this ridiculous idea that horror films are sexist? Well we still have the Fay Wray legacy, the image of a pathetic female writhing prettily but ineffectually in King Kong's furry paws. We have countless slashers where sexually active women are punished by gruesome deaths, except of course The Evil Dead where it is the only girl without a boyfriend who is first to die. A lot of this type of thing was started by Hitchcock, that famous producer of ultra sexist films. When Marion was slashed to death in the shower she was being punished for theft, deceit, sleeping with her boyfriend and for wearing a pointy bra.

Since Hitchcock horror has come a long way (thank goodness). Modern slashers have a much more optimistic attitude towards women and sex. Stretch in the Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2, is a very spirited female hero. She manages to steal Leatherface's chainsaw and tries her own hand at red graffiti. Halloween 4 has a great twist in victim/killer relationship, but I won't tell you too much about that in case you haven't seen it yet. It is the boyfriend who gets the worst treatment in this film anyway.

Women aren't oversexualised or exploited in horror films, they are allowed to be sexy however and there's a big difference.

Incidentally, notable sexy men in horror films include Count Dracula, Anthony Hopkins in Silence of the Lambs, and Uncle Frank in Hellraiser. None of them are stable, happy sorts of people.

Men who don't fit into the category of sexy villains almost always have to be wallies.

Women often make much more effective macho heroes than their male counterparts. Jo in Hardware is everything a traditional hero should be. She's resilient, brave, self-reliant and sexy. Her boyfriend Mo on the other hand makes a feeble imitation of the macho hero. He consistently fails to protect his girlfriend leaving her to deal with peeping Toms and manic androids (he actually gives her the android as a Christmas present).

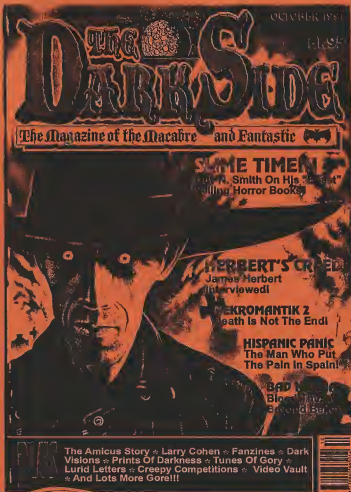
Ripley in Aliens knocks spots off the man in the film, and she is the soul survivor of the first film, apart for the cat of course.

In the Shining the mother escapes the psychotic husband and rescues her son even though her male rescuers are easily and nastily killed.

When women aren't hijacking the macho hero role they're making very convincing monsters. Often these are caricatures of over defensive mothers. Good mother monsters are in Aliens, Friday the 13th and Psycho. Also Flowers in the Attic has a terrifying mother who, far from being too defensive treats her children like obstacles in her way, they are problems to her and she sets about cold bloodedly disposing of them. The father in this film represents a warm and protective parent but he is killed at the beginning and so symbolizes the absent father.

Female sexuality is generally portrayed sympathetically in modern horror films. It is shown as a complex, if somehow mystic force. Men on the other hand rarely turn into werewolves, vampires and axe-wielding maniacs. Rampant male sexuality has to be crushed and destroyed. Women in horror are anything from sexy super heroes to alien mother monsters whereas men are still stuck in the trap of either being a macho thicko or an impotent wimp.

Maybe horror is sexist after all, it doesn't seem to offer much scope for the men does it?



Last minute thanks go to Allan Bryce (Dark Side) and John Harrison (Forbidden Planet).



Want to Contribute?

We're always on the lookout for new and interesting Articles, Artwork, Reviews and Fiction for inclusion in forthcoming editions. If you would like to contribute any of the above, please write with your ideas:-

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It's time to draw this premier edition to a close and to thank those directly responsible for helping make this 'zine what it is. So, without further ado here's that all important list of contributors who need serious amounts of back slapping for playing such a major role in such a tin pot outfit! In no particular order we proudly present the INVASION team: Adam 'Adjy' Proctor who effectively named this esteemed organ (throw your rocks at him not us!!), allowed us into his colourful fungi infested world and created a fine array of loveable mushroom illustrations. Also, cheers for making us sweat in anticipation over the front cover's imminent arrival. Thanks to Guy N Smith for consenting (under threat of torture) to chat with our man in the field, Ian Glasper. Much appreciated. We wish you great success with the Knighton Vampires and your forthcoming double bill of horror. Swiftly moving onto Ian Glasper, well what can we say? Really looking forward to the next celebrity interview you manage to pin down. Peter Lynch, without doubt the most prolific of this prestigious pack. Always eager to provide stills, written contributions and suggestions. Nice one, here's hoping what you're holding in your hands at this moment isn't too grotesque (the 'zine, Peter, the 'zine!). Graeme Clark, the Chas Balun of crap Jap monster movies. Our first contributor - hurrah! Darran Faulkner. You handled the job of analysing one sick fuck pretty well, who's next? Jim McLennan. We're eternally grateful for putting up with all the hassle. Invasion says - Trash City. Buy it now!! Lydia Wilmer, the leading lady. First in print and hopefully not the last. DF Lewis what are you on?? Cheers to Stuart Taylor, not only for his Out With A Bang article but also his infinitely long letters and abnormal exploits at boot sales. Steve Green at Dark-Side, the advice was invaluable. Harvey Fenton (and his Dad) the cheque is in the mail. Without whom this wouldn't have become reality. Geoff Ford, I'd like the next article done while you're sober and fully clothed! John Gullidge, thanks for letting us have more than our fair share of advertising space in Samhain. Thanks to Tara at Polygram / Medusa and Jane at Virgin Video for their contributions. To all those who have contributed but didn't have their work featured here, watch this space. Your name could be in the credits next time. Keep the stuff rolling in for the Christmas edition.

POOH! WHO LET ONE GO!

HAPPY! I NEED A USE-UEE!

WILL YOU SHOULD HAVE GONE BEFORE WE CAME. I TOLD YOU!!!

THERE AINT MUCH ROOM IN HERE.

NO NO NO

@?#*!!

WAIT FOR ME!